

Of Interest to Lady Readers

PARIS GOWNS WORN BY AMERICANS.

Mrs. Edwin Gould Creates a Sensation in a Beautiful Combination of Black and White—Pink the Season's Color—Mrs. Potter Palmer Dazzles Paris With Her Toilettes and Introduces New Modes to Paris Society.

(Specially written for the Woman's department of The Intermountain Catholic.)

Paris, June 24.—The spring dresses worn at the races, in Paris, at the vernissage, at the Salon, in the Bois de Boulogne and at the theatres have many novel features; so many, in fact, that one despairs of ever describing any of them, so great is the whirl of mind which they produce.

Next to the year 1880, when fashions were so complex that everything was trimmed with a bow or a dounce, the year 1900 will hold the record of the most intricate and complicated materials and trimmings. And not only are these mixed in an unusual degree, but colors are combined in strange ways, until the show window of a fashionable shop resembles a rainbow in hue.

In justice to the styles it may be said that they are pretty. The trying habit back, the very different fitted hips and the narrow knees are all abandoned for a sweeping skirt rather wide and quite long. In these new skirts there is a suggestion of a return to the round skirt which may, before the first of the year, be a thing that is again in vogue.

We have indeed the round skirt now. I am describing a dress worn by Mrs. Potter Palmer a few days ago. It was a standard blue foulard, figured with many fancy stampings, all in geometric designs. Circles, squares and triangles in cream covered its blue surface.

The skirt, the couturier who made it informed the writer, was cut perfectly round, slightly longer in the back than in the front. The fullness from the waist to the hips was confined by many rows of shirring, which were placed so close to each other that they made a yoke which was almost a trimming for the skirt. Below this shirred yoke the skirt flared out a little and was trimmed around the hem with many ruffles, put on in curved shape, some draped high, and others extending to the foot of the skirt.

MRS. PALMER'S DRESS.

The waist had a shirred yoke and the tops of the sleeves were shirred. This gave a rather pretty and decidedly novel appearance to the waist, though the front was brought down in a long point in the middle of the belt. A broad girdle of antique green satin confined the waist. The skirt was a marvel in green and pink, the two colors being cunningly mingled as in a flower garden.

Mrs. Edwin Gould, who has been creating something of a sensation over here for her youth, her good looks and her elegant gown, and who was recently presented at court, wore a few days ago a dress which attracted attention. It was in black and white, those two most desirable colors from a modiste's standpoint. "Give me black and white, and I can do anything," said a fashionable dressmaker the other day, running her hands through a chiffon flounce of black, and carelessly draping it over a white satin skirt.

Mrs. Gould's dress, as worn in London and described by a girl correspondent in a letter to an artist friend in Paris, was all in black and white.

"The skirt," said the letter, "was a black silk tulle, very shiny and as thin as a spider web. It was cut round and was shirred at the waist line until it was exactly the same fullness all the way around. It was made over a skirt of white tulle with a ruffle of embroidery. The skirt had a yoke of white tulle, embroidered in silver."

"The waist was of black tulle with a yoke of embroidered tulle set over a vest of tulle. The waist part of the dress was of the white embroidery to match the yoke. The sleeves were of tulle shirred over a white tulle foundation."

"The letter concludes: 'You can imagine the pretty soft coolness of such a gown and the sensation it made in a wilderness of color.'

A brilliant touch of color is given these rather sombre gowns by the stock which is of bright blue, or green, or even of scarlet. For the making of these stocks the newest colors are used, the fair pale shades of green and the

startling greenish blues being very popular. In reds, geranium leads at present, as it has been making a favorite, as it gives to costumes the one touch they may lack."

FANCY STITCHING.

The combinations in materials grow more numerous, instead of fewer. The tailor-made gown has gone from simplicity to complexity and you see gowns of satin cloth trimmed with silver applique, and tailor-made costumes of cashmere decorated with designs in velvet. These designs are applied freely to yokes and sleeves and are put upon the skirt in panels; they are also used for trimming the bare spaces in the skirt where the ruffle is put on in scalloped form.

In its beauty of stitching the tailor-made gown still reigns alone and supreme. Stitchings are numerous and complicated and are put on in all sorts of ways. Stitching has become a profession, or rather a regular occupation, and there are seamstresses who devote all their time to it. The handsomest tailor gowns are given into their hands and, with careful fingers, they guide the machine along the outlines of the seams in a way that marks the tailor-made dress and gives it a distinction of its own.

Now are the seams the only parts that are stitched. The tailor-made dresses are decorated along the hem with handsome flowers in stitched designs. The most expert stitchers use the natural color of the fabric and the result is a border of flowers in stitched design, long the hem of the skirt, and upon the waist. Heavy silk is used for stitching, but no attempt is made at embroidery or other fancy stitch. A rapid stitcher will complete a tailor-made gown in three days and the result will be extremely neat.

THE SINGLE ROSE.

The single rose has appeared as a fashionable trimming. Many are the hats of tan colored and corn colored straw and of straw in its natural shades that are trimmed with tulle, put around the crown in the form of a big soft roll that completely hides the crown. At one side there is a big nodding rose of pink or red or white standing high upon its stalk with a leaf or two.

The rose is used upon the back of the stock and it is also seen upon the belt and on the parasol. Four large handsomely roses of silk or velvet are used for this purpose, and often you will find them scented with a powder which is concealed in their stalk.

Large bows of new ribbon are used in connection with these roses. The ribbon is of satin brocade with velvet flowers in their natural colors. In silk ribbons you see flowers of cashmere set in and very natural they look with their dull hues; all ribbons are elaborately brocade and there are few materials that are not mingled in with the silk and satin groundwork of the ribbon.

A LACE NOVELTY.

Another novelty of the season is the lace braid which is used for trimmings. Many waists—looks like lace, but is much coarser and is generally in the form of an insertion. It comes in cotton and silk of all colors. It is of reticulated pattern and is used for sewing into the waist between rows of tucks. This lace braid reminds you, in some patterns, a little of the old-fashioned torse which in its day enjoyed such a popularity.

Among the transparent materials that are new this season is a crash so coarse that the lining is visible. Threads of the crash are drawn and names, like the Lawson pink of a couple of seasons ago. The Dreyer pink is a very bright pink, while the Empire pink is rather deep. Brunettes can aspire to all these shades, unless it be the deepest of them, but the blonde must be careful. It takes very little to make a fair complexion muddy by the side of a ripe pink. Better choose the fair shades, even though they fade a little during the summer.

The plain colors will not rule this fall; it is to be a brocade season; and

the brocades will cunningly mingle velvet and silk, lace and cotton, until the prettiest of results are obtained.

HOLLAND LOOKS TO WILHELMINA.

MINA.

The Girl Queen Has Partly Promised That She Will Name a Husband Before August.

(Specially written for the Woman's department of The Intermountain Catholic.)

The news that Queen Wilhelmina has ordered a Paris dress and intends going to the Paris exposition is the latest that has been in the papers, and most interesting of all sovereigns, the young Queen of Holland.

Victoria, now heavy with years and weight, inspires respect, but Wilhelmina awakens a feeling of affectionate admiration and hopeful anticipation, second only to that which Victoria herself aroused when she ascended the purple draped steps of the throne sixty-three years ago.

Wilhelmina, pretty, blonde, undeniably young and well educated, even in her, not by her eccentricities or by her expenditures, but by her personal, heightened by that most remarkable faculty for Holland, her progress, and also by her filiations, for the wilful girl-queen has them by the score.

GOSSIP SAYS THAT HOLLAND'S QUEEN HAS EMERGED FROM A GRUB INTO ONE OF THE GAY BUTTERFLIES OF FASHION.

(Specially written for the Woman's Page of The Intermountain Catholic.)

Man's work is from sun to sun. But a woman's work is never done. Is an old saw that is familiar to every one. Moreover, such sayings as these have been handed down from prehistoric times so that there has been no excuse for any man to doubt the assertion that the average woman works hard for every comfort that she receives. While this fact may have been spread broadcast over the world since the days of Adam, however, there must have been men who have doubted its truth, for it is now announced that the members of the Household Economic Association have set out to solve the problem.

How many steps does a housewife take in a day?

If the members of the association ex-

he is three years younger than Wilhelmina and now seems curiously like a child to her.

The Wied boys, the Swedish princes, the little Danish youngsters who are always going to England to visit their cousins, and the swarthy Russians have all applied, but Wilhelmina, while she looks upon them all, remains unmarried. She could wed an English prince, one of Connaught, or of Coburg, or of the English branch of the Battenbergs, but she thinks not so much of an English prince, it is a German prince, the prince of Prussia, Queen Victoria that their worth is more enduring.

Wilhelmina, never a fashionable girl, has suddenly taken a step toward style. In ordering a Paris dress she has established a precedent not to be forgotten or overlooked.

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FOR JUST ONE DAY.

(Susan E. Gammon in Boston Bridget.)

If I could live to God for just one day. Oh, blessed day, from rosy dawn of light. Till purple twilight deepened into night—A day of faith unflinching, trust complete. Of love unfeigned and perfect charity. Of hope unimpaired, of courage past dismay. Of heavenly peace, patient humility—No hint of duty to constrain my feet. No dream of ease to lull to listlessness. Within my heart no root of bitterness. No yielding to temptation's subtle sway—Methinks, in that one day would so expand My soul to meet such holy, high demand That never, never more could hold me bound. This thrilling hush of self that wraps me round. So might I henceforth live to God all day.

GOD KNOWS BEST.

(May Riley Smith.)

Sometimes, when all life's lessons have been learned. And sin and stars forevermore have set. The things which our weak judgments here have spurned. The things after which we grieved with lashes wet. Will shine before us out of life's dark night. As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue. And we shall see how all God's plans are right. And know what seem'd reproach was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh. God's plans go on as best for you and me. How, when we called, He heeded not our cry. Because His wisdom to the end could see.

And, even as prudent parents disallow. Too much of sweets to craving babyhood. So God, perchance, is keeping from us now. Life's sweetest things because it seemeth good.

And if sometimes, commingled with life's wine. We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink. Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine Pours out the potion for our lips to drink. And if some friend we love is living low. Where human kisses cannot reach his face, Oh, do not blame the loving Father so. But wear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath. Is the fairest gift God sends His friends. And that sometimes the sabbal pain of death. Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.

If I could push apart the gates of life And stand within and all God's workings see. We could interpret all this doubt and strife. And for each mystery we could find a key.

But not today. Then be content, poor heart. God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold. We must not tear the close-set leaves apart. Time will reveal the calyx of gold. And if, through patient toil, we reach the land. Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest. When we shall clearly know and understand. I think that we shall say, "God knows the best."

OLD TIMES.

(Eugene Field.)

There are no days like the good old days—The days when we were youthful: When humankind were pure of mind and speech and deeds were truthful; When a love for good and true became man's ruling passion. And before each man's hand became slaves to the tyrant's fashion.

There are no girls like the good old girls—Against the world I'd stake 'em! As buxom and smart and clean of heart As the Lord's own angels in heaven. They were rich in spirit and common sense. A pity all-supporting!

They could bake and brew, and had taught school, too. And they made the likeliest courtin'!

There are no boys like the good old boys—When we were young and true. When the grass was sweet to the brown bare feet. That danced the laughing heather: When the power sung to the summer dawn.

Of the bee in the willow down. Or down by the mill the whip-poor-will Echoed his night song over.

There is no love like the good old love—The love that mother gave us! We are old now, and we are old again. For that precious grace God gave us! So we dream old dreams of the good old times.

And our hearts grow tender, fonder. As those dear old dreams bring soothing dreams. Of heaven away off yonder.

IS IT ENOUGH?

Is it enough to give the best of life? To all with hope the fardel of a friend? Is it enough to know one's place in life? Another's weak and headless aims to mend? Will it suffice, when all this life is past. To know we came when others dared command. Felling duty to the barren land. Nor heeded gifts with any grudging hand?

To see the sneer and answer not, nor grow? To feel the tight chain wearing deep, and smile? To laugh when sobers are near? To be alone.

When the heart fails? To know the little while? God gives us our work? To pray and fail? To rise again and beg for love that's true?

To see, thro' burning tears, the weary trail? On dry, dead fields beneath hot-shining skies?

However salt the cup our lips must taste, It is the glory of a warrior's fate To battle for the meed that others waste And sink unconquered all when day grows late.

This must suffice; to struggle, hope and die. To carry crosses over thorny ways; To know 'neath man's hand, give love for hate.

Christ's followers thro' thro' life's appointed days. (St. M. O'Malley in Donahoe's for June.)

BLOOM OF LILIES.

(Caroline D. Swan in Sacred Heart Review, Boston.)

Out of glimmering watery depths. It is the bloom of lilies, the flower of heaven. Sun-drawn, an eager bud upheaves And a silver crown is won!

Out of gloom, poor heart of mine. Creep up and live! In whiteness shine! Thine bloom is the flower of heaven. Thy crown, thy warmth, thy sun!

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

The Simple Dinner—There has been a return this season to marked simplicity of menu and in a way of serving dinner or luncheon. Last year's extravagances were so great, in the innumerable courses, and in the costliness of favors, that a reaction was bound to set in, and has come with force at present.

The most elegant meal nowadays, often consists of but oysters, soup, fish, roast, salad and dessert with coffee. As to expensive dinner favors, sometimes of exquisite jewelry or bits of silverware, these are so decidedly out of vogue that even more than a single flower is too much to lay at the plate of each guest. Yet let the hostess beware of being deceived, in hearing all this, that she should think it a simple matter to give a dinner. She will find that, although the meal is shorter than of old, it is quite as carefully cooked and served. She will learn that there are constant changes from season to season in mat-

FLOWER GARDEN HATS ARE THE NOVELTIES OF THE MOMENT—FLOWERS OF ALL KINDS ARE EMPLOYED.



THE BLACK AND WHITE GOWN WORN BY MRS.